

This image shows a vertical strip of a document page. The left side is a light, off-white background, while the right side is a dark, textured vertical band, possibly representing a binding or a different material. There are some faint, illegible markings and a small dark spot near the bottom of the dark band.

THE POETS CORNER.

PROVIDENCE.

How wide thy bonities are,
They flow in every stream,
And glow in every heart,
That spreads its nightly beam.

In the sweet dew-drop shed
The sparkling light with light—
Smile in the flowerly bed,
And meadow's grassy side.

Where mountains rear their heads,
Or pastures feed their flocks,
Where rivers form their beds,
Or hillsides bear their rocks—

Where prairie wide extends,
Or lakes the waters spread;
Where seas their treasures vend,
Or oceans show their dead—

Where heaves in blending haze,
Its sparkling bonities arch;
And systems, spread to view,
Their constant circles march—

Within the cities' crowd,
Beside the mountain's brow,
Upon the floating cloud,
And round the fountain's flow;

The liberal hand is felt,
Thy cheering presence found;
Thy thousand voices heard,
Spreading their blessings round.

For all thy bonities shed,
For all thy services done,
For all thy glories shared,
For all thy treasures lent,

Let gratitude proclaim,
Our great Creator's praise;
And thank thee for thy name,
Through all our waking days.

(Southern Patriot.)

LADIES' DEPARTMENT.

Mr. Carper.

"Nodoubt!" And Mr. Carper tossed his head back contentedly.

"I never saw such a man as you are. You don't admit that there is good in any one."

"Oh, yes, I do, my dear. But such disinterested acts of benevolence are not to be met with every day. You may meet with them, but you don't know what they are about. It will appear before long. I've seen a good deal of the world in my time; and I know that all men, and all women, too, are selfish. I selfish myself, and don't pretend to deny it—and he's a hypocrite that does. Don't tell me it was pure benevolence in the Allisons, for I won't believe it."

"What object would they have in view, Mr. Carper? Mary is poor, and hasn't a friend in the world."

"Dear knows! But you'll find out one day, something like the cloven foot can't always be hid. Depend upon it, there is an axe to grind."

"I don't believe it. I know Mrs. Allison well, and I know that she is altogether unselfish. In this act she has proved it to the world."

"But Mr. Carper shook his head. "It can't be my dear. Every body is selfish. You, and I, and every one else. It's our nature. A poor compliment to human nature, I own; but nevertheless, it's just as it is."

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"Given to be seen of men," returned Mr. Carper. "I believe it."

"She thinks to earn heaven. It is selfishness that inspires her."

"It's true, my dear. But the motive that inspires her action is some form of selfishness I know."

"Is there selfishness in a mother's love?"

"Yes. She loves herself in her child. If her love be unselfish, why don't she love other children, equally helpless and innocent, as she loves her own? Human nature is human nature, my dear, but at the best; and all this show of good in some people is sheer hypocrisy. I know."

"Well, Mr. Carper, all I have to say is, that I should be very sorry to think as badly of mankind as you do—very sorry. I believe there is a great deal of good in the world, and am very happy to think so."

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Mrs. Allison had engaged her to come and sew for her in the Spring, and Mrs. Carper had the same. She was to go to Mrs. Carper's for three weeks, and then come to Mrs. Allison's.

Mary had taken a severe cold during the Winter, which has fastened upon her a hollow, cough, that was exceedingly annoying to her. While at Mr. Carper's she took fresh cold, and became so unwell that she had to give up work, and go home to the room she rented from a poor widow who had a spare room.

Mrs. Allison was quite sick. Not coming to Mrs. Allison's at the time she had appointed, the lady called to know if she were ready to begin her engagement, and found Mary extremely ill. She had little or no attention from her—she was taken to the almshouse, and in the kindness of her heart, and from no inspiration but that of true benevolence, Mrs. Allison proposed to her husband and sister that they should have Mary brought to their house and properly taken care of.

This suggestion was fully approved, and Mary was accordingly removed, and every attention and care bestowed upon her—so much so that she was in a better relative of the family.

This was the act that Mr. Carper contended had its origin in selfishness. The Allison, he was very sure, had some ulterior motive in their minds, which he believed would result from this pretended act of genuine benevolence.

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"I presume Mrs. Allison received all the pay she ever expected. She told me, when I was

remored, six weeks, with long knives in their right hands, made their appearance, dressed in long grass cloth robes, and having cooking pots, leaf basins, or, ornamented with red dyed hair, depending from the apex. These ranged themselves in front of small tables at the side of the apartment, and were immediately followed by servants bearing on silver or *Tuamoa* dishes, leg of mutton, a boiled salt ham, a boiled fowl, a roasted pig, and an enormous roast of venison, which they placed on the table. The cooks, using their left hands and long silver forks, with their right hands laid upon small plates, and handed around the table by the attendants.

The feast ended with a thin soup, similar to chicken broth, of which the Chinese and American Commissioners partook from the same bowl. Although but little wine or *Sau-Sau* was drunk through the dinner, it was not because the Chinese feared or disliked their effects, as they are situated on the opposite side of the world. Complimentary toasts were given by both parties, and after sitting at table about an hour, the company rose, and with a general shaking of hands, and a mutual expression of good wishes, the Chinese and Americans, the guests departed in their chairs as they came."

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"Yes. She loves herself in her child. If her love be unselfish, why don't she love other children, equally helpless and innocent, as she loves her own? Human nature is human nature, my dear, but at the best; and all this show of good in some people is sheer hypocrisy. I know."

"Well, Mr. Carper, all I have to say is, that I should be very sorry to think as badly of mankind as you do—very sorry. I believe there is a great deal of good in the world, and am very happy to think so."

The Allison, whose motives for a kind act he had been questioning, were a family consisting of Mr. John Allison, married, and his wife, a sister and two daughters. The latter were nearly grown. In this family, a young girl had occasionally been employed as seamstress. She gained her livelihood by going out and sewing when she could get work. She had no relatives. There was something about this friendless girl that excited the sympathy of Mrs. Allison. She was young, retiring and modest, and seemed always to be conscious of her lonely condition; and yet, what she was of a cheerful temper. Her name was Mary.

Mrs. Allison had engaged her to come and sew for her in the Spring, and Mrs. Carper had the same. She was to go to Mrs. Carper's for three weeks, and then come to Mrs. Allison's.

Mary had taken a severe cold during the Winter, which has fastened upon her a hollow, cough, that was exceedingly annoying to her. While at Mr. Carper's she took fresh cold, and became so unwell that she had to give up work, and go home to the room she rented from a poor widow who had a spare room.

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